

# MATER · CORONATA



PS

2914

.M3

COPY 2



EDMUND · CLARENCE · STEDMAN



Class PS 2914

Book . M3

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> copy 2

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**









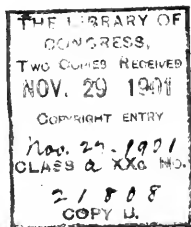
**MATER CORONATA**





MATER CORONATA  
RECITED  
AT THE BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION  
OF  
YALE UNIVERSITY  
XXIII OCTOBER MDCCCCI  
BY  
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN  
L.H.D., LL.D.

THE LIBRARY  
OF YALE UNIVERSITY  
BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
MDCCCCI



PS 2914  
M3  
copy 2

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

*Published November, 1901.*

VNIVERSITATIS YALENSIS  
PRAESIDI SOCIIS  
ALVMNIS DOCTORIBVS DISCIPVLIS  
ALVMNVS  
QVI BENEFICIORVM MEMOR CECINIT  
CARMEN SAECVLARE  
D. D. D.



# MATER CORONATA



I

All things on Earth that are accounted great  
Are dedicate to conflict at first breath ;  
Nature herself knows grandly to await  
The masterful estate  
Which from her secret germ Time conjureth.





II

The elements that buffet man decree  
His lustihood prevailing to the end ;  
The free air foreordains him to be free ; —  
Their stern persistency  
The ages to his resolute spirit lend.



### III

So rose our Academe since that far day  
When reverently the grave forefathers came,  
In council by the shoal ancestral bay,  
To speak the word, — to pray, —  
To found the enduring shrine without a name.



IV

Ye, at the witchery of whose golden wand  
New cloisters rise to splendor in a night, —  
Find here your model ! Here the barriers stand  
That were not made to hand,  
That have the puissance Time confers aright.



Born with the exit of that iron age  
When Nova Anglia to New-England grew,  
Learning's new child put up a hermitage,  
Whereof no godly mage  
As from a mount the boundaries foreknew;





No oracle betokened the obscure  
Grim years encountering which the elders bowed,  
Yet knew not faintness nor discomfiture,  
But set the buttress sure  
That should upstay these tabernacles proud ;



## VII

These fanes, that bred their patriot to vie  
In steadfastness, erect of thought to live,  
Or, when the country bade, undauntedly  
Without lament to die  
Save that he had but one young life to give.



VIII

Twice, thrice, and yet again, that sovereign call  
Rang not in vain ; nor from this ancient grove  
Hath ceased to broaden, as the days befall,  
The famed processional  
Of the mind's workmen who to greatness move.



IX

No feebling she that reared them, no forlorn  
And wrinkled mother lingering in the gray ;  
Fadeless she smiles to see her shield upborne :  
It is her morn, her morn !  
The past, but twilight ushering in her day.





Strong Mother ! thou who from the doorways old,  
Or housed anew in beauty renovate,  
Hast spread thine heritage a hundredfold, —  
Hast wrought us to thy mould  
Whether the bread of ease or toil we ate ;



XI

Thou who hast made thy sons coequal all,  
The least one of thy progeny a peer  
Wearing for worth not birth his coronal, —  
The watchmen on thy wall  
Wax proud this sundawn of thy cyclic year !



The lustres of a new-won firmament,  
Spanned from the height thine upmost turrets crown,  
Relume the course whereon thy thoughts are bent, —  
Whereto the words are sent  
That bid thy children pass the lineage down.



XIII

Ere yet that rainbowed dome thou seest complete,  
Mankind, be sure, shall Earth more nobly share ;  
No churl his measure shall unduly mete ;  
And where are set thy feet  
Life shall be counted lordlier and more fair.





XIV

Science shall yield new spells for man to know,  
And bid thee consecrate to mortal weal  
All that her henchmen in thy gates bestow ;  
Nor lofty then, nor low,  
Save to his race each ministrant is leal.



Thine be it still the undying antique speech,  
The grove's high thought, the wing'd Hellenic lyre,  
Unvexed of soul thy acolytes to teach, —  
So shall they also reach  
Their lamps, and light them at a quenchless fire ;



XVI

And wield the trebly-welded English tongue,  
Their vantage by inheritance divine,  
Invincible the laurelled lists among  
Wherein the bards have sung  
Or sages deathless made the lettered line ;



XVII

Till now, for that sure Pentecost to come,  
The globe's four winds are winnowing apace  
Fresh harvestings of speech, in one to sum  
A world's curriculum  
When East and West forgather face to face.





XVIII

Thus first imbued, thy coming host the clues  
To broad achievement shall descry the more ;  
What thou hast taught them shall in statecraft use  
Greatly ; nor can they choose  
But follow where the omens blaze before !



XIX

Even as our Platonist's exultant soul  
That westward course of empire visioned far,  
Now round the sheen, to Asia and the Pole,  
Time charts upon our scroll  
The empearléd pathways of an orient star.



There the swart Malay's juster league begun  
Takes from our hands the tables of the law ;  
The mild Hawaiian raises to the sun  
The folds himself had won  
Ere the Antilles their deliverance saw.



XXI

Time's drama speeds : albeit, alas ! its chief  
Protagonist, augments of the State,  
Fell as the Prompter turned that unread leaf, —  
And oh, what tragic grief  
Just when consummate towered the action great !





XXII

To strong brave hands the rule, the large intent,  
Have passed. Nor tears alone that some far plan  
Required the master's life-blood interblent —  
To point his monument  
And leave once more the likeness of a man.



But we, Yale's living multitude rebrought  
From farthest outposts of the pine and palm, —  
We know her battlements of iron wrought,  
Her captains fearing naught,  
Her voice of welcome rising like a psalm.



XXIV

We know the still indissoluble chain  
Wherewith the sons are to the Mother bound ;  
Nor unto any shall she call in vain  
Who in her heart have lain  
And trod the memoried precinct of her ground.



God dower her endowering her brood  
With knowledge, beauty, valor, from her breast, —  
Ingathering from the peopled town, the wood,  
The island solitude,  
The land's most loyal and its manfullest !





XXVI

God keep her ! Yea, that Soul her soul endue, —  
That Spirit of the interstellar void,  
That mightier Presence than the fathers knew, —  
The source of light wherethrough  
Heaven's planets shine in joy and strength deployed.



XXVII

That Power, — even that which doth impart a share  
And semblance of divinity to our kind, —  
Hold thee, dear Mother, here and everywhere, —  
Thee and thy sons, — in care,  
Through centuries yet still loftier use to find !



**The Riverside Press**

*Electrotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.  
Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*



NOV 30 1901

NOV 29 1901

1 COPY DEL. TO CAT. DIV.

NOV. 30 1901

DEC. 6 1901





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
0 015 973 533 3



